

POETRY

SONG.

I.  
On the lake where droop'd the willow,  
Long time ago!  
Where the rock threw back the billow  
Brighter than snow—  
Dwelt a maid, beloved and cherish'd  
By high and low;  
But with autumn's leaf she perish'd;  
Long time ago!

II.  
Rock, and tree, and flowing water,  
Long time ago—  
Bird, and bee, and blossom taught her  
Love's spell to know—  
While to my fond words she listen'd,  
Murmuring low—  
Tenderly her dove-eyes glisten'd,  
Long time ago!

III.  
Mingled were our hearts forever!  
Long time ago!  
Can I now forget her?—never!--  
No, lost one, no!  
To her grave these tears are given—  
Ever to flow!  
She's the star I miss'd from heaven,  
Long time ago!

STANZAS.

At early dawn, or break of day,  
In glowing noon, mid proud and gay,  
In twilight's gleam, 'neath tower or tree,  
Or moonlight's beam I think of thee!

When bursts the leaf of promised Spring  
Unfolding life, as young buds cling  
To first-born flowers, upon the lea  
As seasons change, I think of thee.

Or when the close of autumn shines,  
In soft repose the sun declines  
On tinted leaf and busy bee,  
In winter's gloom, I think of thee.

In lonely hours, when thought hath cast  
A lingering look on all the past—  
In cheerful, thronged festivity—  
In every hour I think of thee.

In every mood, in every scene,  
Where thou art now, or may have been,  
Near or apart, as fate decree,  
While there is life I'll think of thee!

STANZAS.

Oh! seize the present hour of Spring,  
Ere yet is felt the wintry blast,  
Ere yet Oblivion o'er it fling  
Her death-like shroud—e'en now 'tis  
past!

For, whilst we mark her distant flight,  
And falsely deem her far away,  
She comes on the twilight eve of day.

Unheard, unseen, unfelt she sweeps  
O'er all alike, or high or low—  
Save where her court fair Genius keeps,  
Or Science bends her radiant bow.

Then seize the present hour of Spring;  
Bid Genius' laurel flow'rets bloom!  
And Fame her brightest rays will fling  
Around, and gild her favorite's tomb.

A MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

A very fair illustration of part of the pleasures of political popularity is given in the subjoined extract, from *Alice Paulit* a new work by the author of "*Sydenham*."

"Thus I was dragged along, amid the shouts of that portion of my friends who were excluded for want of room from the pole and splinter-bar of my vehicle.—When we reached the house, I was of course set down with another tremendous round of cheering I ascended the step towards the door, and before I entered, turned round, took off my hat with one hand, spread the other upon my breast, and several profound bows, and looks expressive of the deepest gratitude, gradually backed myself inside. But, as I feared, my annoyance was not at an end, for my friends were not to be so easily got rid of. After waiting a minute or two in the vain expectation of my re-appearance, clamours began to arise for me to show myself. Less distinct than these, but sufficiently articulate, were expressions of discontent and pleasure, and still more removed were murmurs among which the word 'beer' was audible. I still held

back, however, hoping that, when they found their hints unnoticed, they would go about their business. This delay only increased the demonstrations of discontent, and caused the demands for 'Sydenham' and 'beer' to assume a general and peremptory tone.—Jones, who was at hand, now advised me to go out and say a few words, if it were only to save the windows. He had taken the precaution to have a barrel or two in readiness, if they should become so boisterous as to require that infallible quietus. Accordingly, I made my re-appearance at the summit of the hall steps, and my obedience to the popular voice was rewarded with a shout. Silence being restored, upon my signifying by gestures that I wished to speak, I addressed the mob nearly as follows: "Gentlemen, I trust you will pardon me, if the fatigue of my journey, and the unexpected honor which you have conferred upon me, at first so overpowered my feelings, that I was unable to express the gratitude and delight which I experienced at these demonstrations as the most acceptable reward which a member of parliament can receive for his services and an ample compensation for whatever difficulties and vexations he may have had to encounter in the honest and faithful discharge of his duty.—Gentlemen, although I cannot boast of any brilliant talents or eminent services, yet I am conscious of having endeavoured to promote your interests to the best of my ability; and as no man can do more, whatever may be his success, I am not ashamed to show my face." Bravo! hurra! well done! you're an honest chap! "Gentlemen, I deeply regret that circumstances over which I have no control, must preclude the possibility of my becoming a candidate for the honor of your suffrages at the ensuing election; but, nevertheless, as I trust it is unnecessary for me to assure you, my interest in your welfare and happiness is, and ever must be, unabated. (cheers.) Gentlemen, after a pause, in order to judge whether the last resort was necessary, "Gentlemen, a barrel of beer will be brought you immediately, and I hope, after you have drunk my health, you will disperse with that sobriety and good order which has always distinguished you." Tremendous cheering, under cover of which I retired."

CONSEQUENCES OF 'REFORM.'

"In the gossip which always attends any measure of importance the different reports and assertions are amusing. 'The bill,' says one careful calculator in its favor, 'will be carried by 65.' 'I know,' says an oppositionist, with equally scrupulous accuracy, 'that it will be thrown out by a majority of 42.' 'There is to be no division,' affirms a third. 'Shall you vote for the bill?' said I to a Tory country gentleman. 'Why, I suppose I must, answered he; 'they'll dissolve if it does not pass and I can't afford to stand another election just now; besides, they say there'll be an insurrection in the country if it is thrown out.' It'll never get through the Lords,' said one dandy *against*, to another *for*, the measure. 'I'll bet you six to four-thousands,' was the conclusive argument in reply. In fact the bill was a very fertile source of gambling, and it was said that there was as much mo-

ney upon it as upon the Derby. In fact, at the time, this topic superseded every other. The spirit of politics forced its way even into drawing-rooms, and usurped the throne of fashion. Young men talked to their partners with much complacency of their prospects in the scramble which was to take place; and ladies spoke with alarm of the times, and the dreadful reform measure. 'Do you really think there will be a revolution?' inquired a very pretty girl of me, as of one whom she expected authentic information.—'Yes,' was my reply. 'But are you serious?' 'I am indeed.' 'And-and what will be the consequence?' rejoined the fair inquirer, who, having ascertained that there was to be a revolution, now desired to know what a revolution was. 'The consequences are too numerous to be detailed,' I answered, I can only mention a few, which will be among the earliest. The opera will certainly be put down by act of Parliament; the Patronesses of Almack's will be dismissed, and their places filled by tradesmen's wives; so that, instead of waltzing with guardsmen, you will be obliged to content yourself with apprentices, if, indeed, you are so fortunate as to get a subscription. So I advise you to make interest letimes in the proper quarters.' 'I am sure, then, I hope the odious bill will be thrown out,' said the lady; who, however, knowing my character, was not quite sure that I was quizzing her. This reminds me of a conversation which at that period I overheard in the street between two 'unwashed artificers,' at the door of a house where a petition in favor of the ministerial measure solicited their signatures.—'I say, Bill, caus't thee write?' 'Ah, to be sure I cae,' answered Bill. 'Well, come in and write thy name to this here petition for reform,' rejoined his companion. 'Reform! what's that?' 'Why doesn't thee know? Reform is that we shall all be lords and squires; shouldn't thee like to have thy misses a lady, and to ride in a carriage, with nothing to do but eat and drink like a new one?' 'My eyes! if that's the meaning on't,' said Bill, 'I'll sign it fast e'ough, if I don't I'm blowed!' Accordingly, in they turned, and scrawled their names on the dirty parchment, which was subsequently presented, with previous notice, as the great London petition, signed by a hundred thousand inhabitants.

Pride is nothing more nor less than pure selfishness, and is best eradicated by learning to "do unto others as we would they should do unto us."

Sloveliness is as frequently the result of want of intellect as it is of pride, wilful inattention or mental abstraction.

*A slick Horse thief.*—We are informed that a company went to the house of a horse thief, in Weakley county, a few nights ago, to arrest him; and to prevent discovery, the company tied their horses a short distance off, and crept up to the house with the greatest precaution. The thief "smelt a mouse" and slipped out at the back door, took the best horse in company and has not been heard of since. This, we think, surpasses some of Murel's tricks.—*American Paper.*

Notices

CONCEPTION BAY PACKETS  
St John's and Harbor Grace Packets

THE EXPRESS Packet being now completed, having undergone such alterations and improvements in her accommodations, and otherwise, as the safety, comfort and convenience of Passengers can possibly require or experience suggest, a careful and experienced Master having also been engaged, will forthwith resume her usual Trips across the BAY, leaving *Harbour Grace* on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY Mornings at 9 o'Clock, and *Portugal Cove* on the following days.

FARES.

Ordinary Passengers	.....7s. 6d.
Servants & Children	.....5s.
Single Letters	.....6d.
Double Do.	.....1s.

and Packages in proportion

All Letters and Packages will be carefully attended to; but no accounts can be kept for Postages or Passages, nor will the Proprietors be responsible for any Specie or other monies sent by this conveyance.

ANDREW DRYSDALE,  
Agent, HARBOUR GRACE  
PERCHARD & BOAG,  
Agents, ST. JOHN'S  
Harbour Grace, May 4, 1835

NORA CREINA

Packet-Boat between Carbonear and Portugal Cove.

JAMES DOYLE, in returning his best thanks to the Public for the patronage and support he has uniformly received, begs to solicit a continuance of the same favours.

The NORA CREINA will, until further notice, start from Carbonear on the mornings of MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, positively at 9 o'clock; and the Packet Man will leave St. John's on the Mornings of TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, at 9 o'clock in order that the Boat may sail from the cove at 12 o'clock on each of those days.

TERMS.

Ladies & Gentlemen	7s.
Other Persons,	from 5s. to 3s. 6d.
Single Letters	6d.
Double do.	1s.

And Packages in proportion.

N.B.—JAMES DOYLE will hold himself accountable for all LETTERS and PACKAGES given him.  
Carbonear, June, 1836.

THE ST. PATRICK

EDMOND PHELAN, begs most respectfully to acquaint the Public, that he has purchased a new and commodious Boat which at a considerable expense, he has fitted out, to ply between CARBONEAR and PORTUGAL COVE, as a PACKET-BOAT; having two cabins, (part of the after cabin adapted for Ladies, with two sleeping berths separated from the rest). The fore-cabin is conveniently fitted up for Gentlemen with sleeping-berths, which will he trusts give every satisfaction. He now begs to solicit the patronage of this respectable community; and he assures them it will be his utmost endeavour to give them every gratification possible.

The St. PATRICK will leave CARBONEAR for the COVE, *Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays*, at 9 o'Clock in the Morning, and the COVE at 12 o'Clock, on *Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays*, the Packet-Man leaving St. John's at 8 o'clock on those Mornings.

TERMS.

After abin Passengers	7s. 6d.
Fore ditto,	ditto, 5s.
Letters, Single	6d.
Double, Do.	1s.

Parcels in proportion to their size or weight.

The owner will not be accountable for any Specie.

N.B.—Letters for St. John's, &c., &c. received at his House in Carbonear, and in St. John's for Carbonear, &c. at Mr Patrick Kiely's (*Newfoundland Tavern*) and at Mr John Cruet's.  
Carbonear, --  
June 4, 1836.

TO BE LET

On Building Lease, for a Term of Years.

A PIECE of GROUND, situated on the North side of the Street, bounded on EAST by the House of the late captain STABB, and on the east by the Subscriber's.

MARY TAYLOR,  
Widow.  
Carbonear, Feb. 9, 1837.

Blanks

Various kinds for SALE at the Office of this Paper.

THE

Vol. IV.

HARBOUR GRACE

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